

JULY

No. 67

10c



WELCOME HOME!

Ex-Sgt. OGDEN WHITNEY
draws SKYMAN again
starting this issue!



JOE PALOOKA
DIXIE DUGAN
THE SKYMAN

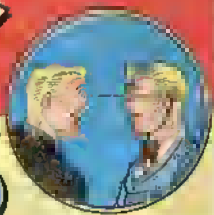
TONY TRENT
CRANBERRY BOGGS
BRASS KNUCKLES

SPARKY WATTS
CHARLIE CHAN
and BO

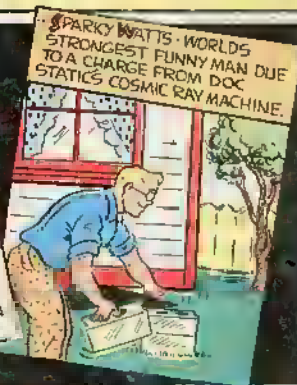
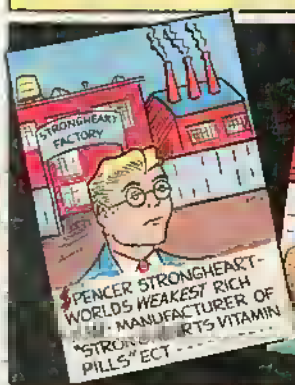


**WEB COMIC
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SPARKY WATTS

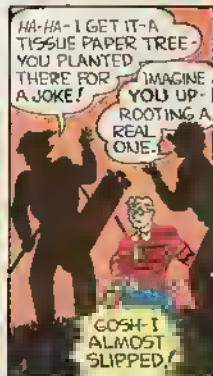


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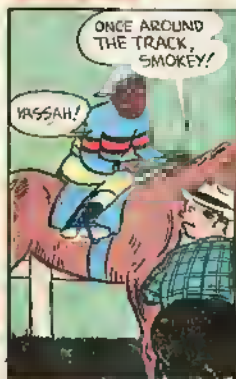
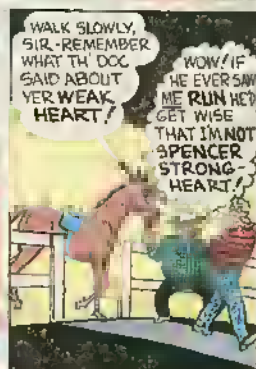
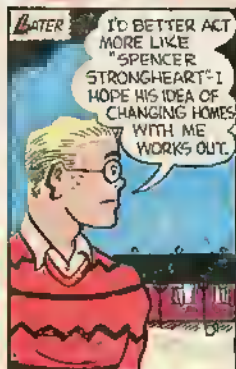
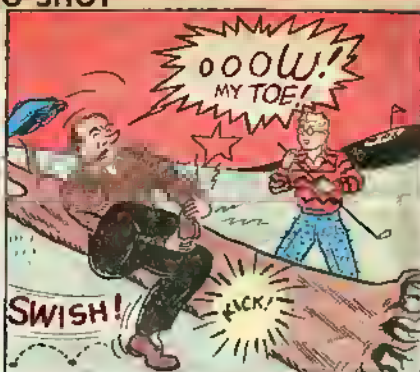


IN THE LAST
ISSUE SPARKY
RESCUED
SPENCER
FROM A
GANG OF
KIDNAPPERS.

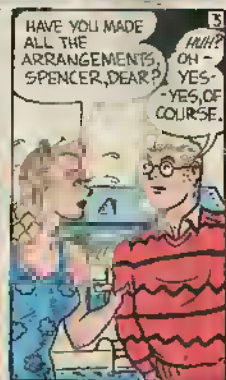
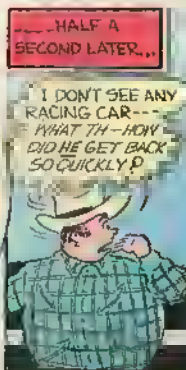
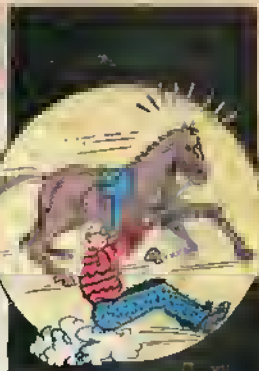
TIRED OF
LIVING LIKE A
WEAKLING
SPENCER ASKS
SPARKY TO
CHANGE HOMES
FOR A WHILE IN
THE HOPE OF
BECOMING A MAN.



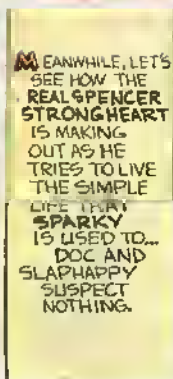
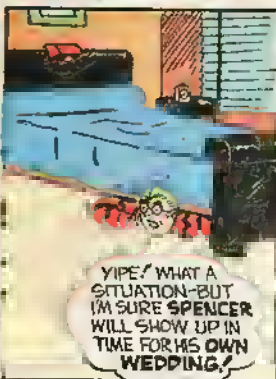
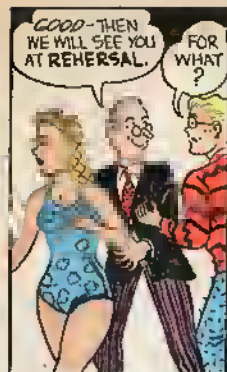
BIG SHOT



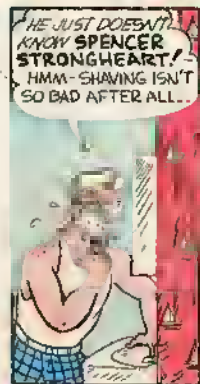
BIG SHOT



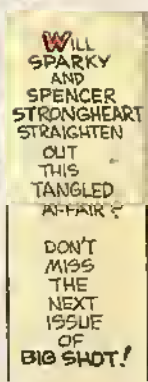
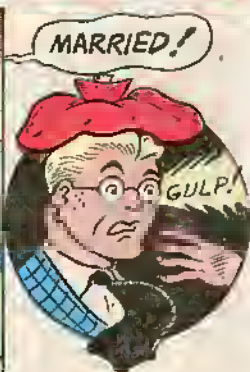
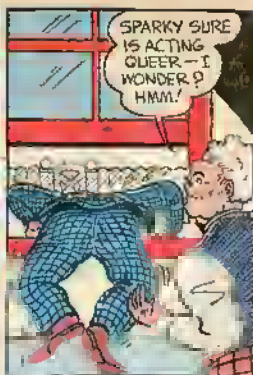
BIG SHOT



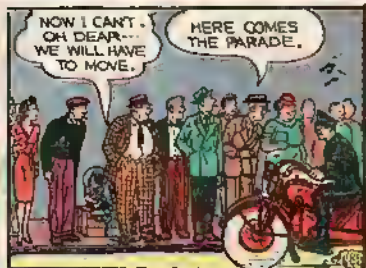
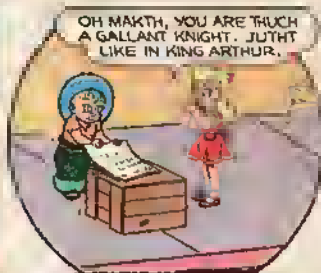
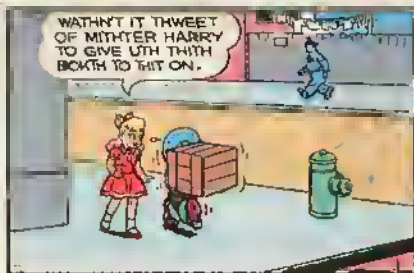
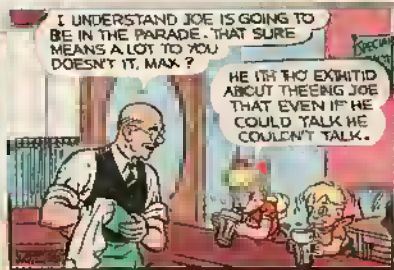
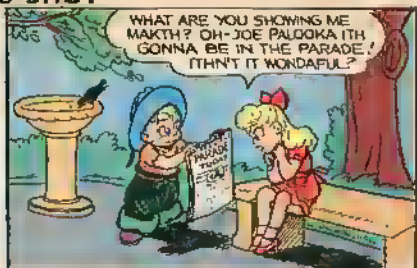
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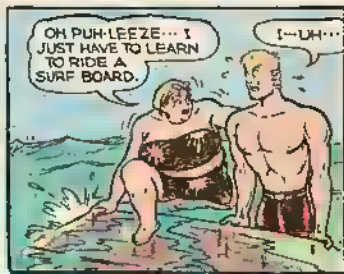
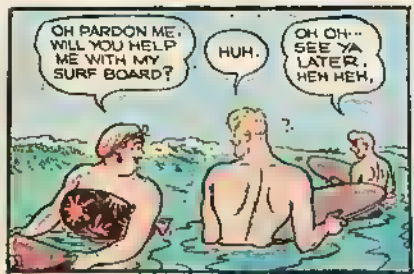
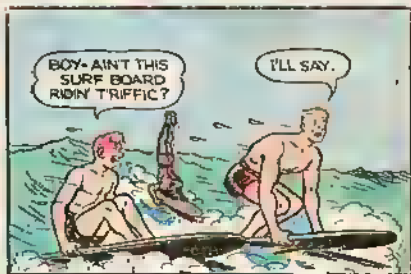
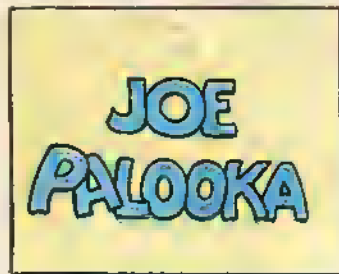
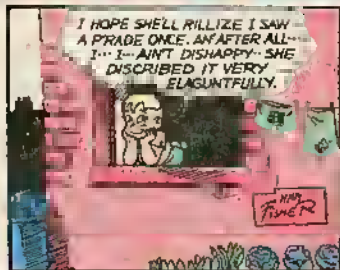
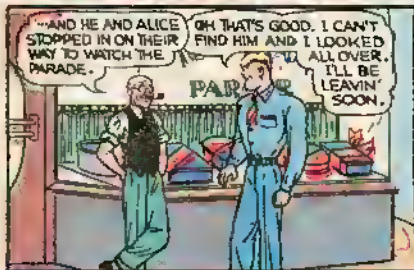
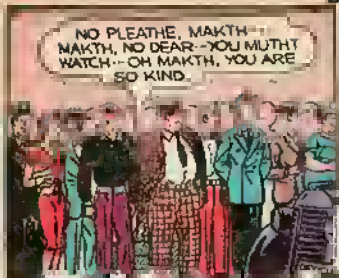
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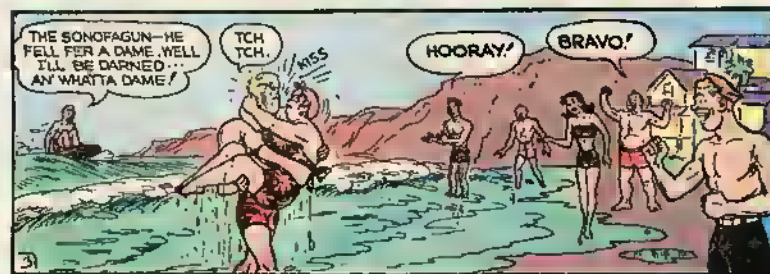
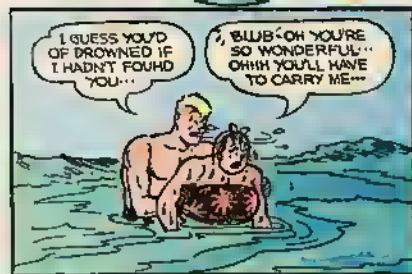
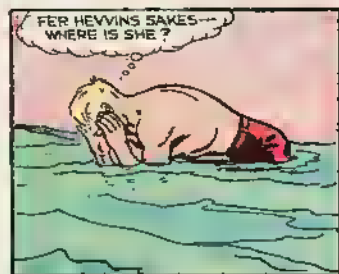
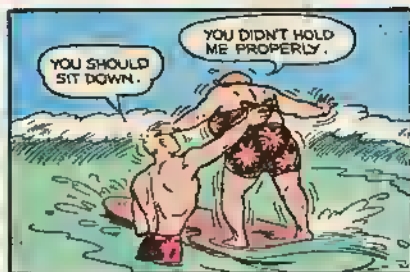
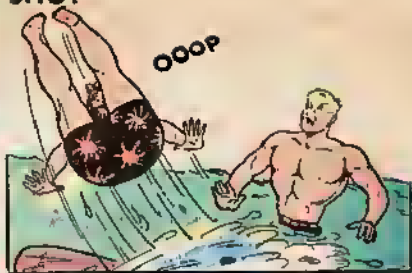
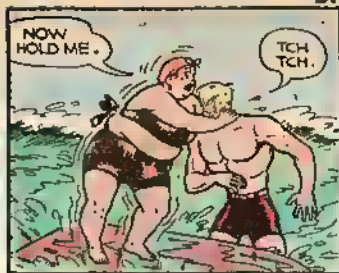
JOE PALOOKA



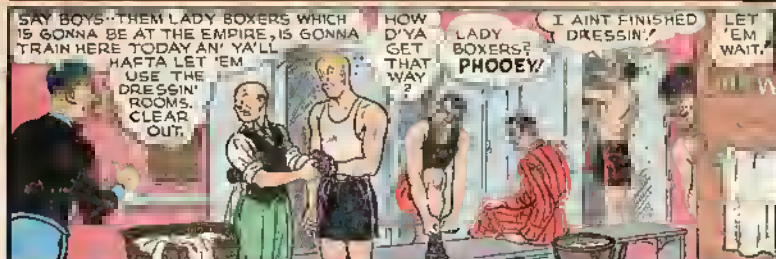
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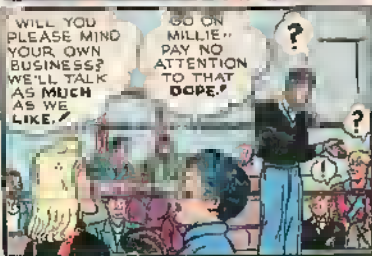
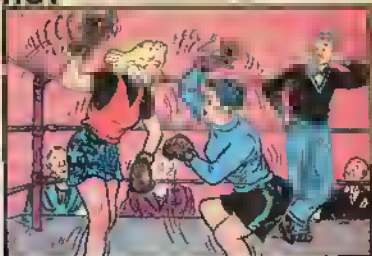
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JOE PALOOKA



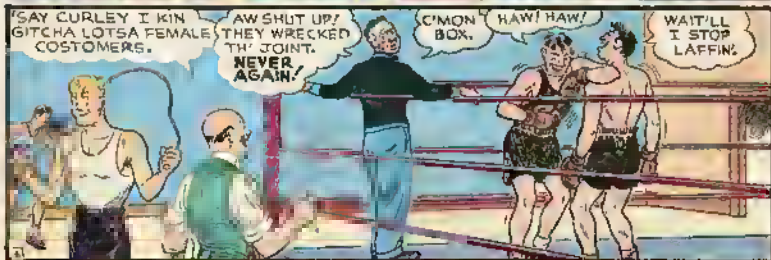
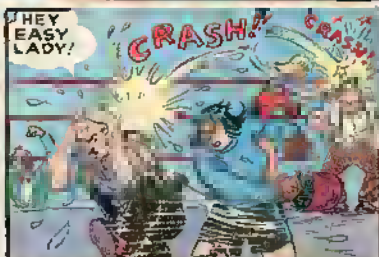
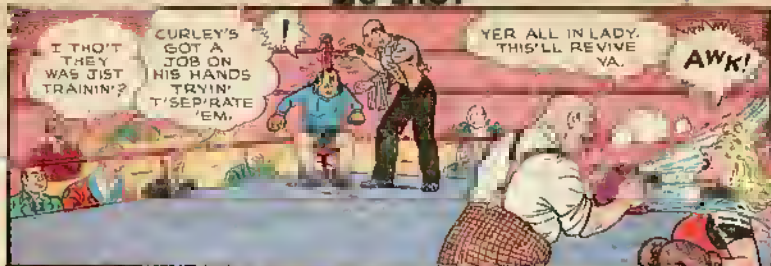
BIG SHOT



JOE PALOOKA



BIG SHOT



"A COMIC MAGAZINE FOR ALL THE FAMILY"

WELCOME HOME, OGDEN WHITNEY!

HELLO, FANS! Big Shot Comics is happy to announce the return of OGDEN WHITNEY to its fine art staff. After drawing SKYMAN for four years, Ogden enlisted in the U. S. Army. Now, back from the Pacific War Zone with a chestful of campaign ribbons and an honorable discharge, Ogden has settled down to the task of offering our readers the finest quality in comic strip entertainment. We are sure all of you will join us in saying, "WELCOME HOME, OGDEN WHITNEY."

The SKYMAN

COLUMBIA COMIC

CORB

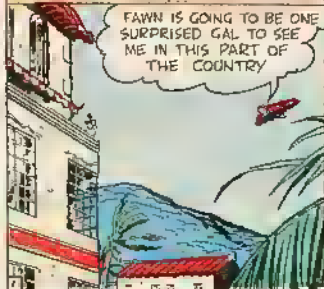
by Ogden Whitney.



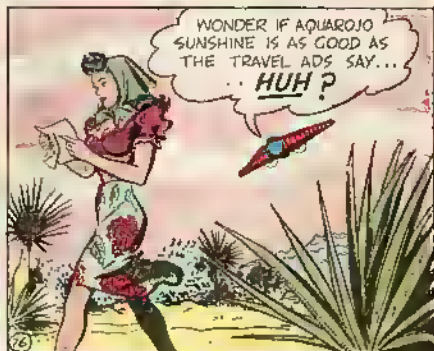
SOUTH OF THE BORDER, DOWN MEXICO WAY... AND WHAT BEGINS AS A VACATION RAPIDLY SHAPES UP AS A NIGHTMARE, WITH THE RESULT THAT SKYMAN, HARD DRIVING VAQUERO OF THE SKIES, HAS NO TIME AT ALL FOR SIESTAS IN THE BAKING HEAT OF TROPICAL TREACHERY.

WE BEGIN PEACEFULLY ENOUGH, SEVERAL THOUSAND FEET ABOVE THE MEXICAN RESORT TOWN OF AQUAROJO...

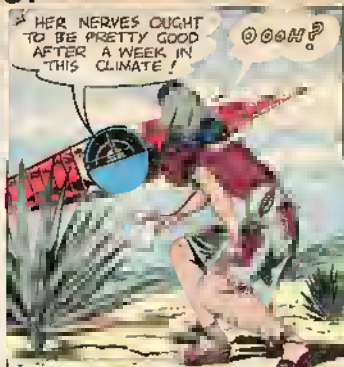
FAWN IS GOING TO BE ONE SURPRISED GAL TO SEE ME IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY



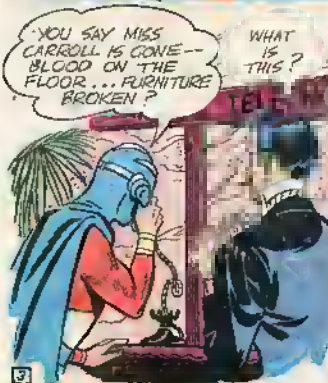
WONDER IF AQUAROJO SUNSHINE IS AS GOOD AS THE TRAVEL ADS SAY...
HUH?



BIG SHOT

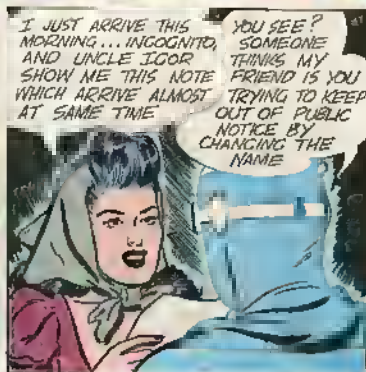
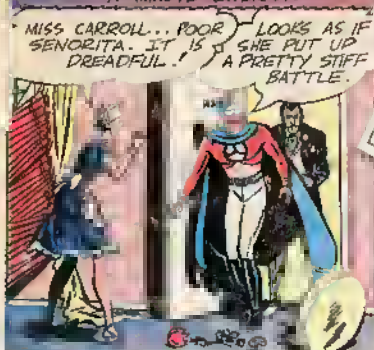


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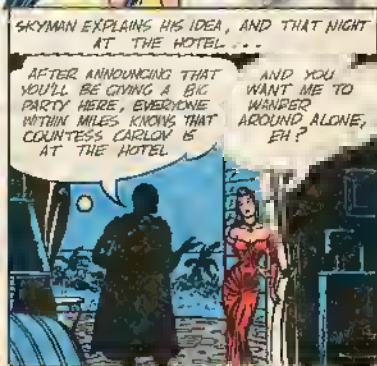
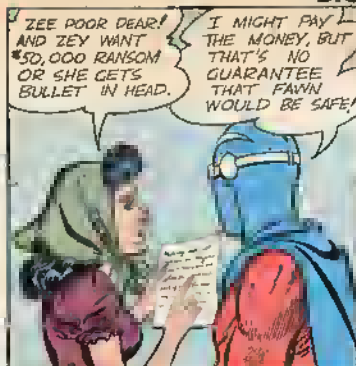


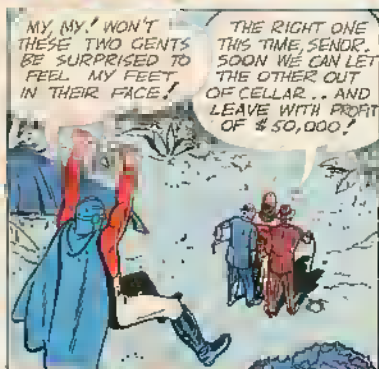
BIG SHOT

A MINUTE LATER...



BIG SHOT



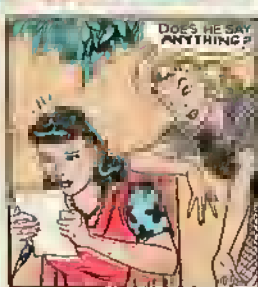
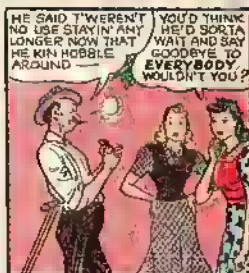


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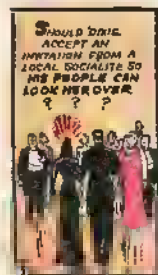
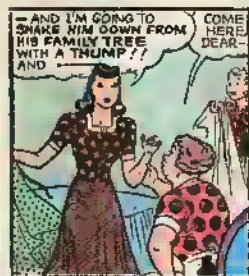
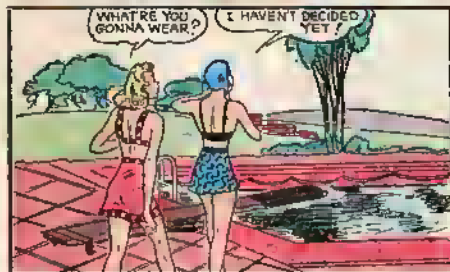
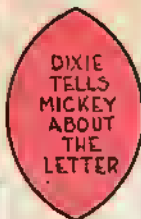
DIXIE DUGAN

By McEvoy And Streibel

THE
STRANGER
WITH THE
BROKEN
LEG HAS
LEFT
WITHOUT
SAYING
A WORD TO
DIXIE!

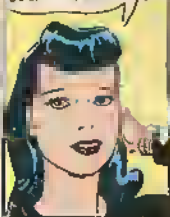


BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

NOT TONIGHT! THERE MIGHT BE A FEW WOLVES HOWLING AROUND THE SOCIAL LIONS



COME IN, PA!



S'USE IT, DARLIN'— YA GOT A CALLER DOWNSTAIRS!

GOLLY, SO SOON? I'LL MAKE HIM COMFORTABLE TILL YOU'RE READY!— HERE!—



BUT I'M READY! WHAT DO I WANT THE PAPER FOR?

TREAD FER AN HOUR OR SO— YOU KNOW— KEEP HIM WAITING—



—S'AN OLD TRICK YER MA USTA PULL ON ME WHEN I WAS A COURTIN'!



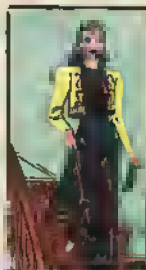
IF ANCKEY COMES HOME BEFORE I DO, TELL HER TO LEAVE A LIGHT ON IN THE HALLWAY

O.K., DEAR!— NOW REALLY HAVE A GOOD TIME—



—FORGET THE DIFFERENCE IN YOUR SOCIAL STATUS AND REMEMBER THERE'LL BE NO SOCIETY GIRL ANY PRETTIER THAN YOU!

YOU SWEET DARLING! I LOVE YOU!— I AM...



—P.P. OH!— DIDN'T 'WHAT'S HIS NAME' COME FOR ME?

MR. BLACK WAS INDISPOSED!— HE TOLD ME TO— OH— COLLECT YOU!

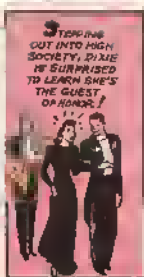
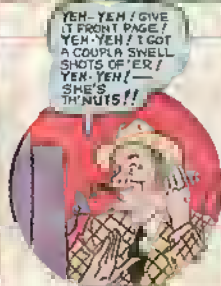
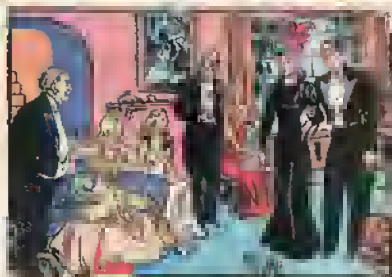
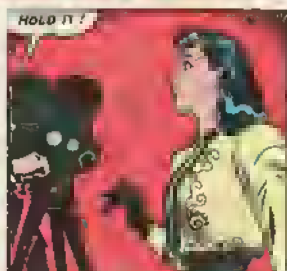


AREN'T YOU THE SAME PERSON WHO CALLED FOR MR. BLACK WHEN HE LEFT MY HOUSE A FEW DAYS AGO?

YES, MISS DUGAN — I AM —



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

MISS DUGAN - WOULD YOU MIND WALKING AROUND A BIT SO WE CAN LOOK YOU OVER A LITTLE MORE CAREFULLY?



WHAT IS THIS? AM I BEING AUCTIONED OFF TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER?



YOU'D BETTER PLEAS MR. BLACK! I THOUGHT I WAS COMING OVER TO MEET YOUR FOLKS - NOT TO BE EXHIBIT A AT A PARTY!



PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN



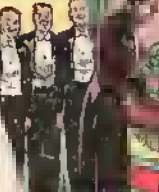
WHAT IS THERE TO EXPLAIN? WHAT AM I TO DO? HANDSPRINGS? TAP DANCING? SINGING?



UN-HUM- YES, O.K. - ALL RIGHT



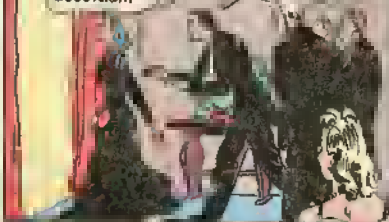
O.K., DIXIE - IF YOU CAN DO ALL THOSE THINGS GO AHEAD!



YOU'VE HEARD IT??



IF YOU'VE BROUGHT ME HERE TO MAKE ME APPEAR RIDICULOUS GOODNIGHT



THIS PARTY WAS MEANT AS A SURPRISE TO YOU - YOU RECALL HOW I STAYED AT YOUR HOUSE INCognito AFTER YOU FOUND ME WITH A BROKEN LEG?



A BIT SILLY, WASN'T IT?



NOT WHEN I WAS DECIDING WHETHER OR NOT YOU WERE THE LOGICAL CANDIDATE FOR NUMBER ONE DEBUTANTE OF AMERICA!



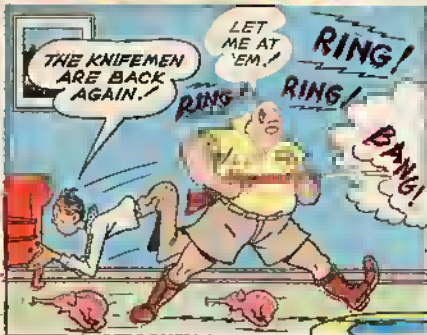
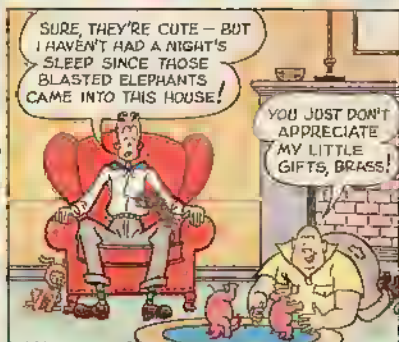
MORE ABOUT DIXIE THE DEBUTANTE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BRASS KNUCKLES

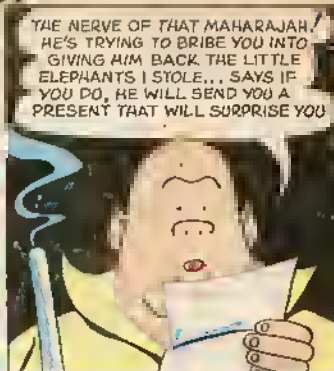
by MARTY



MEANWHILE



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

SIXTY
DAYS
LATER

GET
OUT!

HE'S A
DISGRACE
TO THE
FAMILY!

A BODY
AIN'T SAFE
WITH THAT
HOODLUM
LOOSE AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY,
MA'AM —
THE POLICE
WILL KEEP
AN EYE ON HIM

I'M GONNA HATE
THIS TOWN AND
EVERYBODY IN IT
FOR THE REST OF
MY LIFE!

IT'S ABOUT TIME
YOU CAME HOME
FOR YOUR SPECIAL
DELIVERY PACKAGE,
YOU JAIL-BIRD!

MY PRESENT
FROM THE
MAHARAJAH!

I WONDER
WHAT
IT IS?

WHERE'S
MY TIP,
CHEAP
SKATE?

I DEMAND
THAT YOU
GIVE HIM A
SUMMONS
FOR BLOCKING
THE SIDEWALK

IT'LL BE
A PLEASURE

IT'S A
MAN-EATING
TIGER!

RUN FOR
YOUR
LIVES!

Dear Maharajah —

Many, many thanks!
That man-eating tiger
is just what I wanted.



Squire Kingsman Comes To Propose

By MART BAILEY

PADDY DOYLE, The Dublin Terror, and Jamie Cuthbert, who hoped some day to be the Heavyweight Boxing Champion of the British Empire, leaned on their spades to watch the red-coated horseman galloping towards them over the greening meadow. The stone wall was a five-foot jump, but the magnificent black stallion took it with scarcely a change of gait. For an instant the horse appeared about to stumble in the lurrowed earth on the other side of the wall. The rider pulled him up, however, and man and beast continued their gallop with the grace of a team of ballet dancers.

Jamie whistled. "He rides like the Devil himself!"

"Faith and it's no wonder!" said The Dublin Terror, a scowl darkening his fist-mashed face. "It is the Devil himself!"

Jamie spat disgustedly in the direction of the approaching horseman. It was the long-legged snake, Squire Kingsman.

In addition to being the best pistol shot and swordsman in His Majesty's colonies, the Squire obviously was an excellent horseman. And on this bright March morning he rode with studied skill, because he knew that young Dorothy Holliday was watching from her window in the great red brick house. Squire Kingsman was on his way to propose marriage to that lovely lady.

What Squire Kingsman didn't know was that, although the lady did see his red coat flashing in the sunlight, her fawn brown eyes were fixed mostly on Jamie Cuthbert, the giant young pug-

gilist, who was helping to plant the Holliday fields in exchange for his board.

Brazenly, Jamie and Paddy stood their ground while the lunereal black stallion bore down upon them, its hooves drumming the freshly turned earth and the red-coated Squire swinging lithely in the saddle. At the last moment, however, the two pugilists had to leap aside. As horse and rider thundered past, a spatter of lather from the stallion's mouth flicked across Jamie's angry cheek.

Jamie wiped off the lather with the back of his big hand and glared after the horseman, storing up in his memory the snarl which the Squire had thrown at him. Remembering the Squire's gleaming white teeth, he tongued the space lately occupied by his missing front tooth.

"Did you see the loppery of him?" Jamie demanded of Paddy, who had resumed his spading. "No doubt he's come to call on Dorothy."

"And why shouldn't Dorothy be courted by all her eligible young neighbors?" Paddy glanced slyly out of the corner of his eye to observe the effect of this barb. He was rewarded richly.

"Yonng!" Jamie swore, hurling a spadeful of earth over his shoulder. "The long-legged Squire is over thirty, and the father of four children. And his poor second wife not more than two months in her cold grave!"

Paddy twisted his fist-mashed lace in a grin. "Old woman's gossip!" he snorted.

Jamie spat at a worm that was poking its annoyed head into the unfamiliar sunlight.

BIG SHOT

"That's neither here nor there! The fact is that if Dorothy's going to marry anyone, it should be a decent young gentleman—"

"Like yourself, of course!" Paddy chuckled.

The Dublin Terror was delighted to see Jamie's ears turn a gaudy crimson.

II

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, Squire Kingsman, handsome in his red coat with the fluff of fine lace at his chin, stepped out of the red brick mansion. Dorothy Holliday clung to his arm, a lovely vision in shimmering white satin. Her sunshade bobbing coquettishly, they walked towards the stone-flagged garden, where Spring was beginning to burgeon in the rose bushes and among the vines that climbed the delicate trellises.

"Tis no doubt about it, Jamie," Paddy told his young friend. "The long-legged Snake has come to propose. He's taking Dorothy into the garden, which is a fine place for a romance—"

"Or a nose-breaking," Jamie finished. He threw down the spade and strode off towards the barns.

Looking after him, Paddy Doyle rubbed his head and wondered what young Jamie was up to.

III

SQUIRE KINGSMAN was about to seat himself beside lovely Dorothy on the marble bench when Jamie appeared in the garden with a ladder, a fistful of brushes, and a pot of white paint. His advent caused the Squire to pause in the act of parting the tails of his elegant red coat and to scowl darkly. Dorothy smiled, her lawn brown eyes dancing with merriment. Apparently unconcerned by the scowl or the smile, Jamie set the ladder against the trellis and began slapping paint over the weathered slats.

The Squire tried to ignore the interruption. "My dear," he cooed, his thin lips close to the girl's pink ear, "despite your tender years, you are at an age when you must think of marriage."

The trellis creaked loudly. Squire Kingsman broke off to frown at Jamie, who was strenuously climbing over the fragile laths and noisily clattering his paint pot.

From atop the trellis, Jamie had a fine view of the rolling lawn and meadows and clumps of woodland. Once he caught Dorothy's luminous eyes upon him; mischievous they were with knowledge of what Jamie was doing; and he quickly averted his gaze like an embarrassed small boy. When the Squire glowered at him, however, Jamie stared back stonily.

"I am a man of wealth and position," Squire Kingsman resumed deggedly, though he had lost all of Dorothy's attention. Alarm widening her big, lawn brown eyes, she wondered whether the

flimsy trellis would hold Jamie's tremendous weight.

"I say!" Squire Kingsman lumed, his cold eyes more than ever snakelike. "Must you paint that consarned thingumbob?"

The trellis snapped perilously as Jamie continued crawling over the laths. "Have to paint the trellis before the vines start sprouting, sir," Jamie replied politely.

Frowning, the Squire brought his tight lips again close to Dorothy's ear. From his precarious perch Jamie could see that the girl was having difficulty controlling her laughter.

"As I say, my dear," the Squire murmured, "I am a wealthy man, and though perhaps out of modesty I shouldn't say it, the most respected and—"

The trellis creaked.

Squire Kingsman got up from the marble bench. He stamped angrily towards Jamie.

"Climb down from there!" he snapped. "And go away at once!"

Standing directly under Jamie, the Squire looked up into pale blue eyes that glared back with none of the subservience he expected of an inferior.

And then, quite unexpectedly, Squire Kingsman was no longer staring up at Jamie. His vision was clouded by the sudden descent of a pot of white paint, a fistful of brushes, and assorted fragments of trellis laths. All landed squarely on the irate Squire. And above the tumult and the shouting rose a feminine sound that might have been a shriek or a short laugh.

IV

SQUIRE KINGSMAN rode away from the Helliday farm looking somewhat like Don Quixote after the unfortunate joust with the windmill. Even his horse limped homeward without spirit.

Paddy Doyle, resting his chin on the long-handled spade, cheerfully observed that the Squire departed by the gate rather than jump the five-foot stone wall.

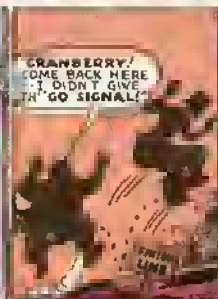
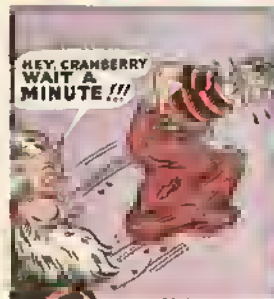
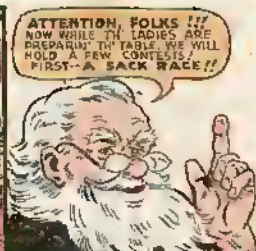
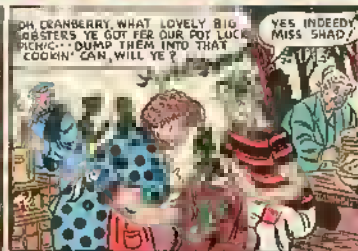
"He'll never forgive you, Jamie boy," the big Irishman chuckled. "His fine red coat looks as if it were caught in a blizzard. 'Tis a wonder he didn't shoot you dead on the spot!"

"He would have, if Dorothy hadn't told him I was just a clumsy farmhand." Jamie sighed unhappily. "Mc, the champion boxer of the whole British Empire—just a clumsy farmhand! That's what she said."

"Don't believe half of what a lady says," Paddy laughed. "You're just clumsy! ... Now run along and help her with that cool pitcher of punch I see she's carrying out to us, before she drops it from laughing."

THE END

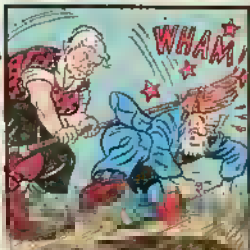
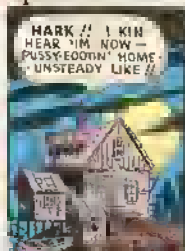
BIG SHOT



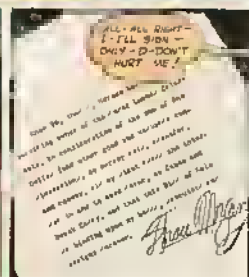
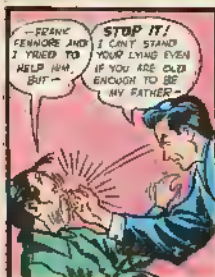
BIG SHOT



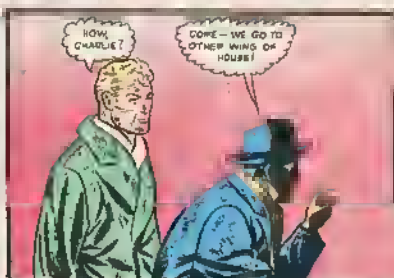
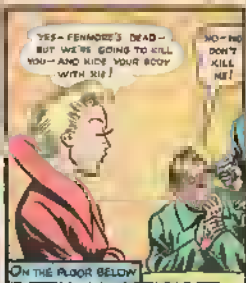
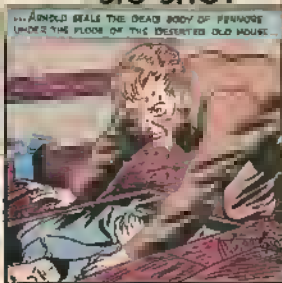
GREAT DAY IN TH' MORNIN'!! HE'S BEEN TREATIN' THAI FER FORTY YEARS NOW!! I KNEW IT!! I KNEW IT!!



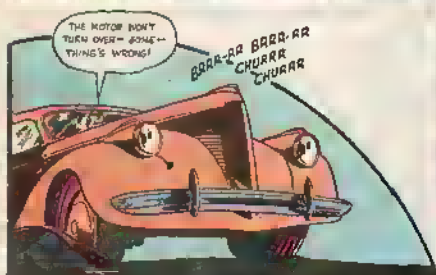
CHARLIE Chan



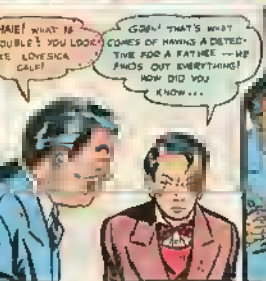
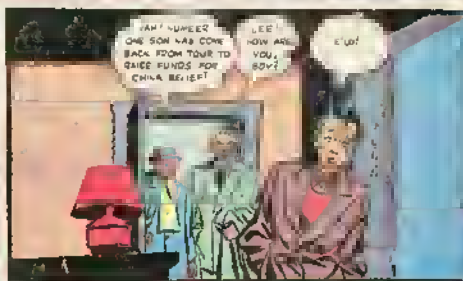
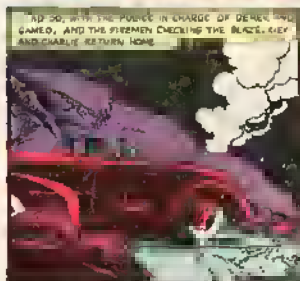
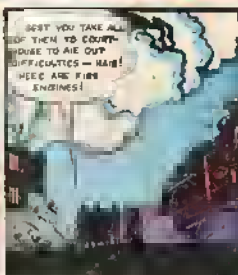
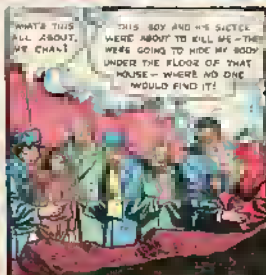
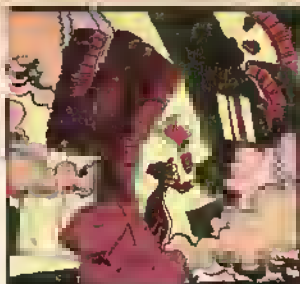
BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

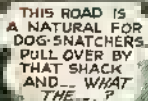
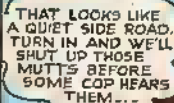
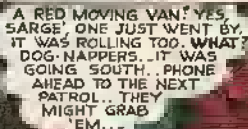
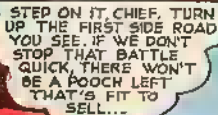


BO

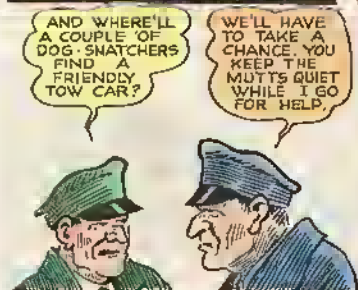
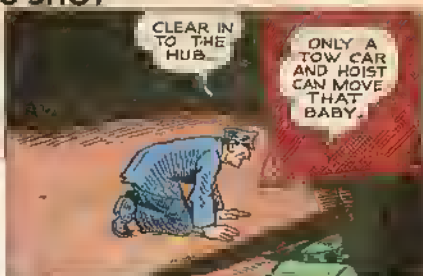
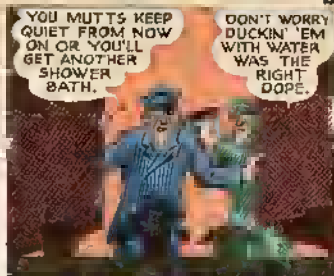
THE
HUMANE
SOCIETY
IS ON THE
TRAIL
OF THE
MEN WHO
HAVE
DOG-NAPPED
BO



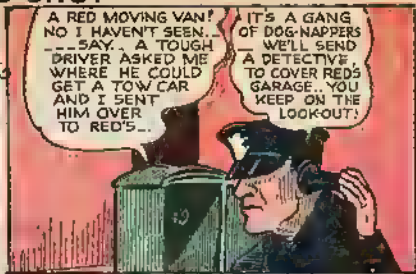
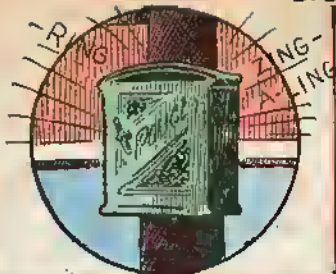
POOCHES HAVE STARTED
SOMETHING. THIS BUMPY
TRUCK TOSSED THEM
TOGETHER ONCE
TOO OFTEN..



BIG SHOT



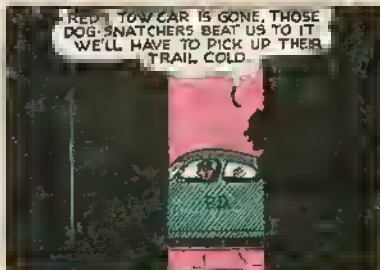
BIG SHOT



RED TOW CAR IS GONE. THOSE
DOG-SNATCHERS BEAT US TO IT
WE'LL HAVE TO PICK UP THEIR
TRAIL, COLD.

I DIDN'T THINK
ANYBODY OUT ON
THIS ROAD
OWNED A
VAN LOAD OF
FURNITURE

THE LESS YOU
THINK, RED, THE
BETTER I'LL
LIKE IT.
TURN
LEFT.



I CAN LIFT IT IF YOU
AINT GOT TOO MANY
PIANOS OR...

IT'S A LIGHT
LOAD. THAT'S
ALL YOU NEED
TO KNOW
GET BUSY

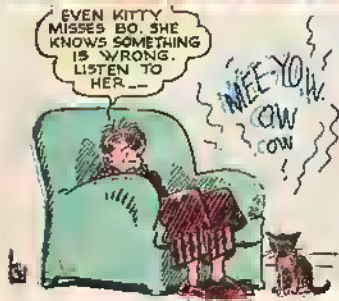


GOSH... WHAT'S
HAPPENING?.. THE
VAN IS RISING
UP...



EVEN KITTY
MISSES BO. SHE
KNOWS SOMETHING
IS WRONG.
LISTEN TO
HER...

MEOW
MEOW
MEOW



I PHONED THE HUMANE
SOCIETY AGAIN AND THEY
FEEL SURE BO IS IN THAT
DOG-SNATCHER'S PHONEY
MOVING VAN. OTHER
DOGS ARE MISSING
TOO.



BIG SHOT

THEY'VE GOT THE POLICE OUT
AND ARE DOING THEIR BEST
OF ALL THE LOW DOWN
FORMS OF THIEVERY,
STEALING KIDS PETS
AND LETTING
THEM
WORRY..



NO LUCK.. REDS
TOWING CAR IS
SOMEWHERE
AROUND HELPING
THOSE CROOKS
GET THEIR VAN
OUT OF A HOLE,
BUT WHERE?

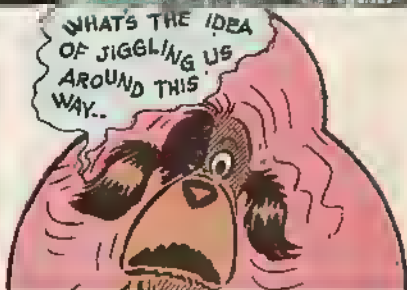
LET'S TRY IT
AGAIN. IF THEY
DO GET OUT,
THEY'LL HEAD
FOR ANOTHER
TOWN TO SELL
THE DOGS.



HIGHER, HIGHER
RED. WIND UP
THAT WINCH. WE
WANT TO GET
OUT OF HERE



WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF JIGGLING US
AROUND THIS
WAY..

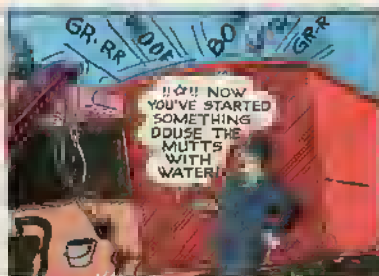


OH, OH! I WAS
AFRAID OF THAT
HAPPENING.. ME
FOR A NEUTRAL
CORNER



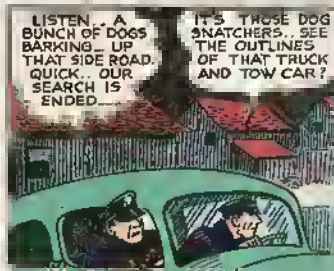
GR-RR DOO DOO GR-RR

!! O!! NOW
YOU'VE STARTED
SOMETHING
DOUSE THE
MUTTS
WITH WATER!

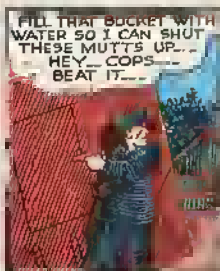


LISTEN.. A
BUNCH OF DOGS
BARKING.. UP
THAT SIDE ROAD.
QUICK.. OUR
SEARCH IS
ENDED..

IT'S THOSE DOG
SNATCHERS.. SEE
THE OUTLINES
OF THAT TRUCK
AND TOW CAR?



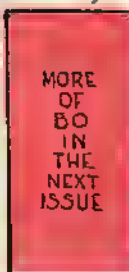
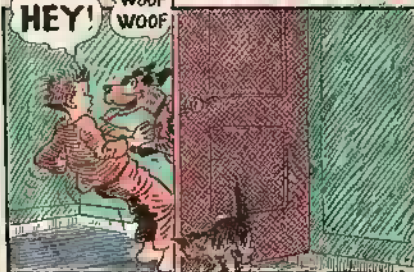
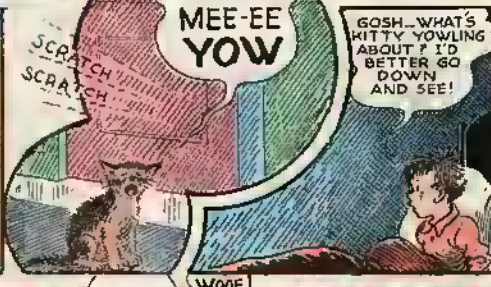
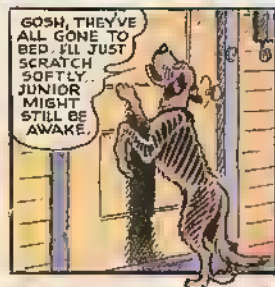
FILL THAT BUCKET WITH
WATER SO I CAN SHUT
THESE MUTTS UP..
HEY.. COPS..
BEAT IT..



FOR GOSH SAKES
THE DOOR IS OPEN
AND NOBODY IS
HERE



BIG SHOT

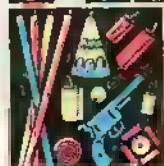


BIG SHOT

ALL IN A LIFETIME

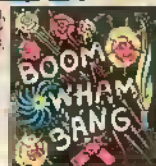


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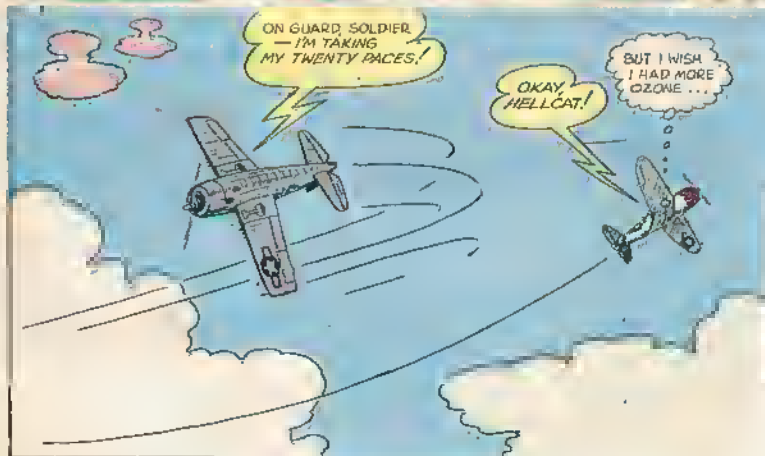
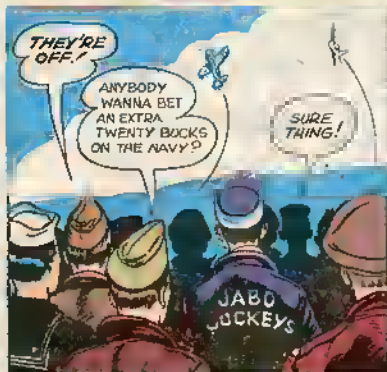
TONY TRENT

MART
BAILEY

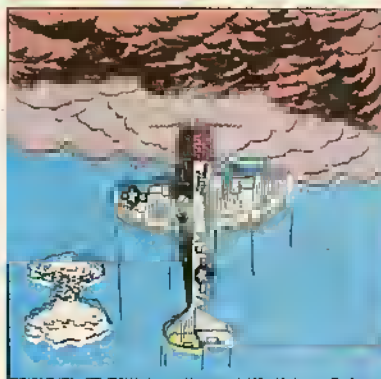
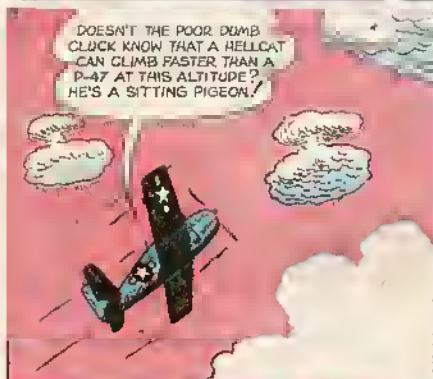


HIGH IN THE SKIES OVER JAPAN, SWEET WILLIUM FIGHTS A STRANGE DUEL — WITH MOVIE FILM INSTEAD OF BULLETS — TO DECIDE WHETHER BABS WALSH WILL GO TO THE VICTORY DANCE WITH MAJOR TONY TRENT OR LT. HELLCAT RANKIN, THE U.S. NAVY'S HOTTEST HOT PILOT....

79



BIG SHOT



BIG SHOT

INSIDE THE THUNDERHEAD, ANGRY STORMS LASH AT THE ARMY P-47... AN AIRSHIP LESS RUGGED WOULD BE HAMMERED INTO SMITHEREENS...



BUT THE P-47, LIKE THE INDESTRUCTIBLE THUNDERBOLT FOR WHICH IT WAS NAMED, ROCKETS OUT OF THE THUNDERHEAD UNHARMED, ITS AIRSPEED GRATIFYINGLY INCREASED BY THE MIGHTY UPDRAFT.



YOU LUCKY HOUND!
—YOU'VE GAINED
THE ALTITUDE
YOU NEED FOR
THAT BUZZARD!

IT'S ALL
IN KNOWING
HOW, SAILOR!



AT 30,000 FEET, THE TWO AMERICAN WAR BIRDS FROLIC IN MOCK BATTLE... FOR TEN MINUTES, ENDLESSLY CHASING EACH OTHER, NEITHER CAN GAIN THE UPPER HAND... THEN...



AH-HA, SWEET WILLIUM,
I GOT YOU IN MY SIGHTS!
SMILE FOR THE BIRDIE...
LIGHTS, ACTION —



CAMERA!... NERTS!
HE PULLED INTO A
POWER DIVE BEFORE
I COULD GET
HIM...



BIG SHOT

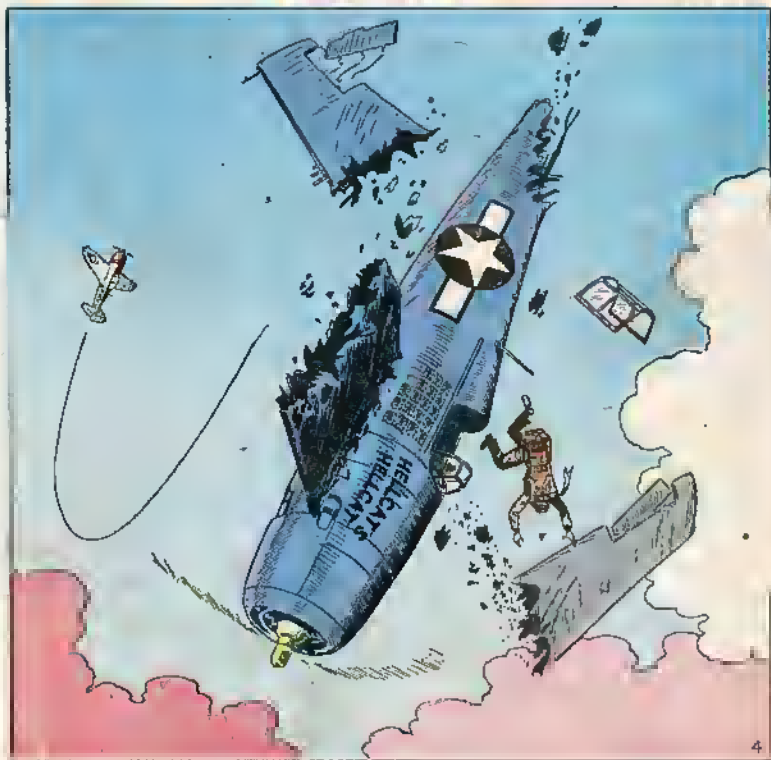
RANKIN, DON'T
BE A SAP!
YOUR CONTROLS
WILL FREEZE
AT COMPRESSIBILITY
—AND YOU HAVEN'T
ANY COMPRESSIBILITY
FLAPS...

YOU WOULDN'T
LIKE TO
GET AWAY
FROM ME,
WOULD YOU,
WILLYUM?

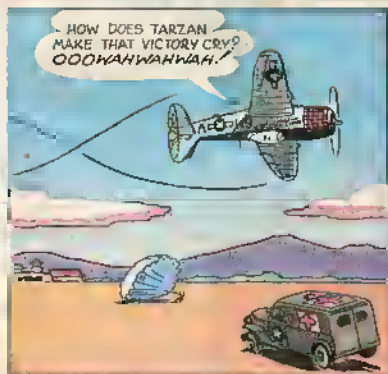
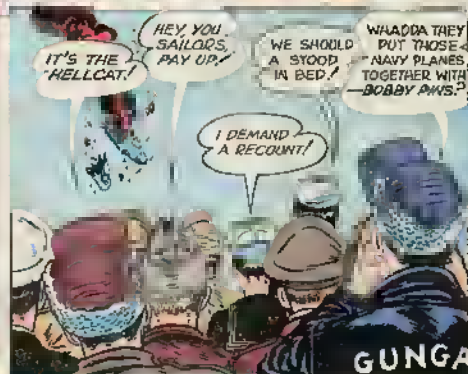
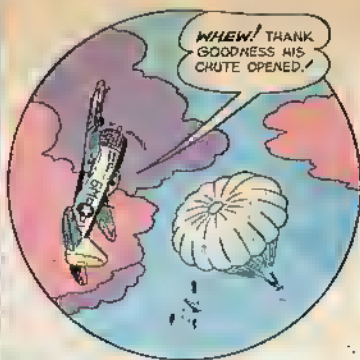
AT LEAST
KEEP YOUR
TRIM TABS
NEUTRAL

DON'T TELL
ME HOW
TO FLY,
SOLDIER!

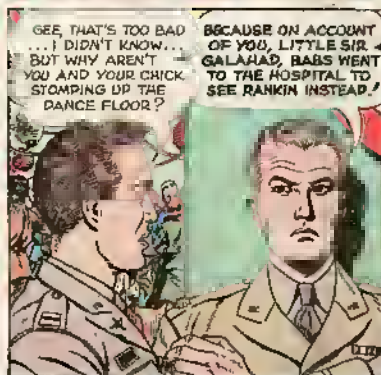
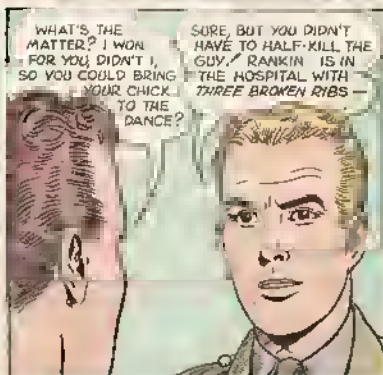
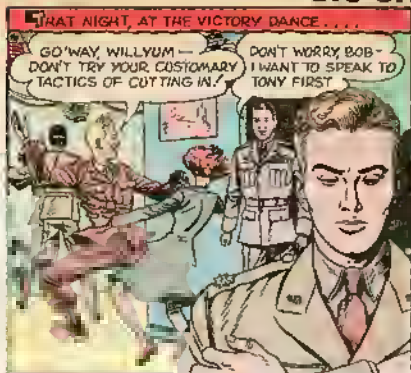
THE HELLCAT SHAUDDERS VIOLENTLY
AS IT HITS COMPRESSIBILITY...IT'S
WING SURFACES, UNABLE TO WITHSTAND
THE TREMENDOUS PRESSURE BEGIN
TO RIP OFF...



BIG SHOT.



BIG SHOT



NEXT ISSUE

DOUG FAIRBANKS' STIFF

BIG SHOT

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Like a Million*

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STAINLESS STEEL

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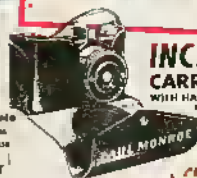
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